

wheels, one of them two feet in diameter and the other only ten inches. The big wheel runs in the last furrow, and the little one On 'the soil not yet upturned, the axle being level. Some of these ploughs were drawn by eight buffaloes, with a boy, singing an inharmonious tune, seated facing backwards on each yoke. After the ploughing, water is turned on to soften the clods, which are then broken up by the husbandmen with spades.

There is a great charm about the scenery as seen at this season, the glorious colouring towards sunset, the fantastic forms and brilliant tints of the rocks, and the purity of the new-fallen snow upon the heights; but between Kotranis and Van, except for a little planting in the " Valley of the Armenians," there is scarcely a bush. If I had warm clothing I should regard the temperature as perfect, nearly 50° at noon, and falling to about 25° at night. After a severe march, a descent and a sudden turn in the road brought us in the purple twilight to Merwanen, the chief village of Norduz, streamily situated on a slope—a wretched village, semi-subterranean; a partly finished house, occupied by a newly arrived *Kaimakam* and a number of *zcvptiehs*, rising above the miserable hovels, which, bad as they are, were all occupied by the *ITaimakam's* attendants. *Zaptielis*, soldiers, Kurds, and villagers assured me that there was no room anywhere, and an officer, in a much-frogged uniform, drove my men from pillar to post, not allowing us standing room on the little dry ground that

there was. I  
humbly asked if I could pitch my tent, but  
a rough  
negative was returned. A subterranean  
buffalo stable,  
where there was just room among the  
buffaloes for me  
to lie down in a cramped position, was the  
only available  
shelter, and there was none for the  
servants. I do not  
much mind sharing a stable with *JSdy*, but I "  
draw the  
line" at buffaloes, and came out again into  
the frosty